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SCENE IN A PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE.

FROM THE MONTREAL HERALD.

"The following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private mad-house, are from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. They were published in the National Intelligencer, about eight years since, the editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks:—'If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling. The perusal of them had the more effect upon us, from the conviction we have for some time entertained, that insanity, when superinduced (not natural)—when it is an affection of the mind, and not a defect of organization—is often the consequence of the treatment of the disease;—not merely of the estrangement of friends—of seclusion from the world—of coercion—but of the horrible dread of being thought mad by others. We recollect hearing of the case of an enlightened physician, who was carried by his friends to an asylum for the insane, after exhibiting symptoms of an alienation of mind. "My God! am I come to this?—Never shall I leave these walls!" And he died within them not many days after.'

"Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair—
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad—I am not mad!

"My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste, that fate to tell.
Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer:
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad—I am not mad!

"He smiles in scorn, and turns the key—
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain:
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!—
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad—no, no, not mad!

"'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain:
What! I—the child of rank and wealth—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head—
But 'tis not mad!—no, 'tis not mad!

"Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you used to stay:
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad—they'll make me mad!

"His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child!
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad—I am not mad!

"Oh, hark! what mean those dreadful cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks.
He comes—I see his glaring eyes—
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes.

Help! help!—He's gone!—Oh, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain!—I know, I know,
I am not mad—but soon shall be.

"Yes, soon—for, lo you! while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eye balls glare!
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad,
Ay, laugh, ye fiends!—I feel the truth—
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

NIAGARA FALLS.

(Written during a Thunder Storm.)

FROM THE SAME.

"Among the many productions to which the impressive sublimity of the Falls of Niagara have given birth, the following is deserving of a high place. It was copied from the Public Album at the Falls, during the late visit of the editor to that place.

"Niagara—Niagara—careering in its might,
The fierce and free Niagara shall be my theme to-night;
A glorious theme—a glorious home, Niagara are mine;
Heaven's fire is on thy flashing wave, its thunder blends
with thine.

The clouds are bursting fearfully, the rocks beneath me
quiver.

But thou, unscathed, art hurrying on for ever and for ever:
Years touch thee not, Niagara, thou art a changeless thing—
For still the same deep roundelay thy solemn waters sing;
The great, the proud, of other lands, the wisest and the
best,

Must speak and think of little things—they have not seen
the West—

They have not seen the glorious West, nor in the forest
dwelt,

Where nature's ever present God is most intensely felt—
There is a chainless spirit here whose throne no eye can
reach,

Awakening thoughts in human hearts too deep for human
speech.

This is the shrine at which the heart is tutored to forget
Its former joy, its future hope, its sorrow and regret,—
For who that ever lingered here a single hour or twain,
Can think as he hath thought, or be what he hath been
again.

Where'er th wanderer's foot may roam, whate'er his lot
may be,

'Tis deeply written on his heart that he hath been with
thee."

VISIT TO A WORK-HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

Whether or not the tax which, in England, obliges every man to provide a home for the destitute, be an evil or a good, certain it is that very many, but for such institutions as the parish workhouse, would not have where to lay their heads; and that numbers are kept in comparative ease and comfort, who, were it otherwise, would be wanderers on the wide world, existing on the pitiful morsel which the hand of charity might now and then fling to them. Preservation from want is an Englishman's birth-right. In all his troubles, or sorrows, he is never without the certainty that his death-bed will not be a dunghill, or the knowledge that his dying lips will be moistened in the hour of struggles. Those thoughts suggested themselves to my mind, when, a short time ago, I visited the workhouse of a parish, a little distant from the crowded portion of London; among the aged, the sick, and the desolate, to seek materials for contemplation.

It is not my intention to dwell on the internal management of the house; in which, as in most others, selfishness had taken up his abode with charity. All my wish, and all my object, in passing through the wards, was to notice its hapless, or its happy, inmates. The first who attracted my attention, and who came under the latter class, was a young woman who had been bed-ridden from childhood. She was the victim of many diseases; yet